Worth a god's view: what priſoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?
Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and *Palamon*,
Theſ. Tis right, thoſe, thoſe
They are not dead?
Her. Nor in a ſtate of life, had they bin taken
3. Hearſes ready. When their laſt hurts were given, twas poſſible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.
Theſ. Then like men uſe 'em
The very lees of ſuch (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others. all our Surgions
Convent in their behoofe, our richeſt balmes
Rather then niggard waſt, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning ſtate
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thouſand fold, we had rather have 'em
Priſoners to us, then death; Beare 'em ſpeedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and miniſter
What man to man may doe for our ſake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheaſtes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a miſtris Taske,
Deſire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath ſet a marke which nature could not reach too
Without ſome impoſition, ſicknes in will
Or wraſtling ſtrength in reaſon, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our beſt,
Their beſt skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where having bound things ſcatterd, we will poſt *Floriſh.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke.

Scæna 5. *Enter the Queenes with the Hearſes of their Knightes, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, ſighes, darken the day;

Our dole more deadly lookes than dying
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

Come all ſad, and ſolempne Showes,
That are quick-eyd pleaſures foes;
We convent nought elſe but woes. *We convent, &c.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your houſholds grave
Joy ceaze on you againe: peace ſleepe with him.
2. *Qu.* And this to yours.
1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thouſand differing waies, to one ſure end.
3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full of ſtraying Streetes,
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.
Exeunt ſeverally.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and Wooer.*

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I live, ſome thing I
May caſt to you, not much: Alas the Priſon I
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they ſeldome
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you ſhall take a number
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be better lyn'd
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what
it will) I will aſſure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.
Wooer. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,
And I will eſtate your Daughter in what I
Have promiſed,